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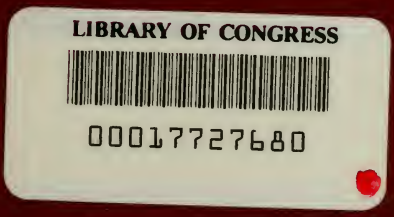

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THE

AYAH AND LADY.

AN INDIAN STORY.

By Mrs. SHERWOOD.

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE HENRY AND HIS BEARER, &c. &c.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE stories in this little work treating also of the same subjects which form the matter of the Stories on the Church Catechism, it follows, that, in some places, a considerable resemblance will be found between them; but as most of these relations were founded upon real scenes which passed before the eyes of the author, it is thought best to make no considerable alterations in them, lest they should become less accurate descriptions than they now are of the manners and real modes of life in Hindoostan.

THE

AYAH AND LADY.

CHAPTER I.

On our Obligation to shew Kindness to our Fellow-Creatures.

THERE was a Lady in this country, who had an *Ayah* who had lived with her several years; and although this Ayah had a great many faults, and was by no means faithful to her mistress, yet the Lady was very kind to her, not only when she was well and could do her work, but also when she was sick and could do nothing. This Lady paid her Ayah seven *rupees* per month; besides which, she gave her a new suit of clothes twice a year, and money, and many other little things, such as tea and sugar when she had a cold, so that the Ayah had a very good place. Now the reason why the Lady was so kind to her Ayah was this, that the Lady feared God, and God has commanded us in his Holy

Bible to love one another, and not to despise people that are lower than ourselves; so she was very kind to her Ayah, and to all her servants, and to all the people that were about her. Now the Ayah had a small house in the Lady's *compound*, where she used to have her victuals cooked; this house was just opposite the door of the Lady's *bungalow*.

It happened one day that the Lady was sitting in her dressing-room at work, just at the time that the Ayah was eating her *khauna* at the door of her house. The Ayah had half a *seer* of rice boiled with fish *curry*, very excellent, served upon a bright brass dish, and her shining *lota* and *paun*-box were placed by her side, so that the *Begum* herself could not have wished to have fared better had she been there. Now while the Ayah sat eating her *curry bhaut* at her leisure, a very old woman, who had scarcely any clothes, and was half starved, came into the *compound;* and she made *salam* to the Ayah, and asked charity for God's sake. The Ayah just lifted up her eyes from her *khauna*, and then looking down again she called the beggar some very bad names, such as should never be spoken by a woman, and bid her go out of the *compound*. "Give me two or three

cowries, or one handful of rice," said the poor woman; "for I am starving. I have been very ill, and unable to work; and I am now ready to die of hunger."

The Ayah raised her voice, and bid the poor woman begone, or she would call one of the servants to beat her out of the *compound*. So the poor woman was frightened, and got off as quick as she could; and the Ayah went on eating till she was quite satisfied. She eat all the *curry*, but she had two handfuls of rice left, which she could not eat; therefore, as she wanted to clean her dishes, she threw these two handfuls of rice upon the ground for the crows. She then drank some water, and when she had scoured her brass dishes, and washed her hands, and face, and mouth, she lay down and slept until it was time to dress her Lady.

And now I will tell you what her Lady said to her when she came in; for she had seen every thing that had passed, and had sent a servant after the poor woman with some rice, and a piece of coarse cloth for a sheet.

"Ayah," said the Lady, "who was that who came up to you, when you were eating your dinner?"

Ayah. I saw no one, Ma'am, but a poor wretch who lives in a hut in the *bazar*, who came to ask charity.

Lady. Did you give her any thing?

Ayah. Ma'am knows that I am but a poor woman; how could I give charity?

Lady. What did the poor woman expect you to give her? Did she ask you for *rupees?*

Ayah. O! no, Ma'am: she wanted a few *cowries* to buy *khauna.*

Lady. And could you not spare her a few *cowries?* It is a saying in my country, That no person is poorer for what he gives away: you would never have missed a few *cowries.*

Ayah. But I do not think I had any by me, Ma'am.

Lady. If you had then given the poor woman those two handfuls of rice, which you threw to the crows, you would have been nothing the poorer, and the old woman would have blessed you, and God would have been pleased with you; for the wise king Solomon, the son of David, in his Proverbs, saith, *He that hath a bountiful eye shall be blessed, for he giveth of his bread to the poor;* and also, *He that giveth to the poor, shall not lack.*

Ayah. I have not been used, Ma'am, to share my victuals with such people. The old woman has no *cast;* she lives in a little

clay hut in the *bazar*, near to the great *pepul tree*. She has nothing but filthy rags to wear; and the people say, that she has been eating rats and mice, and dead dogs, in the highway, and upon the dunghills.

Lady. How can she eat such nasty things?

Ayah. O! Ma'am, what can she do? She has nothing better.

Lady. Then, it seems, she is not to blame for eating these things, she would eat in a more cleanly manner if she could?

Ayah. To be sure, Ma'am, she would; but she is very old, and very poor.

Lady. And do you despise this woman, because she is old, and poor, and forced to endure hard necessities? Is this right, Ayah?

Ayah. She is nothing to me, Ma'am; she has no *cast:* even our *maitre* would not eat with her.

Lady. Whether she has *cast* or not, I do not know, because these are things I have nothing to do with; but one thing I do know, that this old woman whom you despise, is your sister.

Ayah. My sister, Ma'am! No, indeed, our family were all good Mussulmauns: we never lost *cast* any of us; nobody can say we ever did.

Lady. Notwithstanding which, I tell you, she is your sister, and mine also.—I will explain this matter to you. We have a book, written by Moses, which gives an account of the creation of the world. God made the world, and all things in it, in six days. He made, at first, one man, and one woman, called Adam and Eve, from which first pair, all the men and women that ever were upon the face of the earth are descended; so that there is not a human being, high or low, rich or poor, that does not bear the relation of brother or sister to you; for Adam was the common father of all, as Eve was the mother; for God hath made of one blood all nations under heaven. For this reason, we ought to feel the affection of brothers and sisters to each other; we ought to pity each other, and not despise any man or woman, be they ever so low or poor in this world's goods.

By this time the Lady was dressed; but before she went out of the room, she said, "Ayah, if you are sorry for having despised the poor woman, I will tell you how you shall make up your unkindness to her."

"What can I do, Ma'am?" said the Ayah.

"Go to her," said the Lady, "and ask her if she can spin; and if she can, I'll make her a present of a spinning-wheel: for it would

be better for her to spin than to go about begging."

"I'll go, Ma'am," said the Ayah; "and if you give her a wheel, I'll make her a present of two *puckah*, to purchase cotton for a beginning."

Then the Lady was pleased with the Ayah. So the Ayah went to the poor woman's hut under the *pepul*, to inquire if she could spin. "I could spin very well, but I have no wheel," said the poor woman.

"I will bring you one to-morrow from my Lady, with two *puckah* of cotton from myself," said the Ayah.

The old woman blessed the Lady and the Ayah; and when she got her spinning-wheel she never went a begging any more, nor had reason to eat rats, mice, and dead dogs. And we should all remember, that we are brothers and sisters made by the same hand, even the hand of God, and descended from the same man, our father Adam.

CHAPTER II.

On the Depravity of Human Nature.

One morning the Lady called her Ayah, and said, "Ayah, I have bought several pieces of coarse cloth and chintz, and I have a mind to give some to such of our servants' wives as are the most in want of clothes; can you tell me which are most deserving of charity?"

"Ma'am is very good," said the Ayah.

"First," said the Lady, "there is the *musalchee*. I know that he has a large family; what kind of woman is his wife?"

The Ayah tossed up her head at hearing of the *musalchee's* wife. "O! Ma'am," she said, "the *musalchee's* wife is a good-for-nothing, idle creature, as ever was seen; she sits all day smoking and chewing *paun*—I am sure she is not worthy of Ma'am's charity."

"The cook has good wages," said the Lady, "and his wife can afford to wear silver *bangles* and ear-rings, therefore I shall not give her any cloth; but the cook's mate has a wife, I think, Ayah, and a young child."

"O! Ma'am," says the Ayah, "she is not the cook's mate's wife at all: she is some poor wretch he picked up in the *bazar*. My Lady will not, I am sure, bestow her charity on such a poor wretch."

"Has the *beheistie* a wife?" said the Lady; "perhaps she may be worthy of some cloth."

Ayah. She is no more the *beheistie's* wife than I am; she has another husband at Lucknow.

Lady. The *maitre* has a poor sickly wife, and a large family; I must give them some cloth.

"O! the *mailre's* wife," said the Ayah; "if she is sick, she deserves to be so. Ma'am does not know what a bad woman she is, and what a bad tongue she has."

Lady. Why, it seems, Ayah, from your account, that there is not one good woman in the *compound;* are there any in the *bazar?*"

Ayah. This place, Ma'am, is a very wretched place; all here are very bad.

"So then," said the Lady, "there is not one woman worthy of my cloth; I must send it back to the *copra-waulla.*"

When the Ayah heard the Lady say she would send the *copra* back to the *copra-waulla,* she bowed down before the Lady, and

said, "Ma'am, please to give her slave a suit of clothes."

"What, Ayah," said the Lady, "do you think yourself better than all the women in the *compound* and the *bazar*, that I should give you the cloth I bought for charity? You know, Ayah, that you have many faults: you often tell lies to me; you spend most of your time in chewing *paun*, sleeping, and gossiping; you often use very bad language when you are talking with your companions: these things I know you do; and what other bad things you do, when I don't see you, your own heart can tell, and God knows. Therefore, if none but good women are to have the cloth, I think it will not be yours, for you are not good."

"Then," said the Ayah, "Ma'am must keep the *copra* for herself, for she alone is good, we are all bad; but Ma'am is like none other, she is without fault."

"Ayah," said the Lady, "you know now that you are saying what is not true; although I hope, by the help of God, I do not fall into those open and shameful sins which some poor creatures do, such as getting intoxicated, robbing people of their money, saying bad words, and faults of that kind, yet every day I do wrong things: how often have

you seen me angry without reason, and idle when I ought to be serving God, and proud and fretful. I do not pretend to be good, Ayah. I know I never was, nor ever shall be truly good, while I live upon the earth, although I trust that God will assist me from day to day to get better, for he has promised us his help, if we will ask it in the manner which he has ordained; so you must understand that I do not consider myself without fault, but as a very great and miserable sinner. And I do not only know myself to be in sin, but I know that all the men, and women, and children, that are upon the face of the earth are sinners also, as our Bible says, *there is none good;* (Rom. iii, 10,) *in sin did my mother conceive me.* (Psalm li, 5.) And your Mussulmaun, and even the Hindoo, teachers say the same thing, that all men are sinners."

Ayah. Why, to be sure, Ma'am, one cannot live many years in this world, without seeing that the world is wicked. Ma'am does not know half the wickedness that is done in the *bazar*, or even in this *compound*.

Lady. And what is more than this, Ayah, I do not know half the wickedness of my own heart, though I have often endeavored to understand it; but in our book it is written,

The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. (Jer. xvii, 9.)

Ayah. How happened it, Ma'am, that people are so wicked? Did God make men wicked?

"The Lord God," said the Lady, "never sins, no does any thing wicked; on the contrary, he hates every thing wicked, and every kind of sin or uncleanness is hateful in his sight. He made the first man, our father Adam, and Eve his wife, in his own image and likeness, even in the likeness of God; but I will read you the account of these things out of my book." Then the Lady directed the Ayah to bring her a large book from the dressing-table: the Ayah knew the book, because her Lady read in it every day; and the Lady read and explained to the Ayah the second chapter of Genesis, from the eighth to the nineteenth verse, and also the third chapter, for the Bible was not then translated into the language of the country.

CHAPTER III.

The Necessity of our Nature being changed before we are capable of Happiness.

One night, in the month of August, some time after this discourse, there was a dreadful storm of wind and rain, and some of the servants' houses in the *compound* were blown down: these were, the Ayah's house, and the cook's house, and the *khaunsaumaun's* house, and the *dobee's*. Through the mercy of God, however, nobody was hurt, excepting the old woman who cooked the Ayah's food, who had her foot a little crushed by the fall of a piece of clay, which formed part of the wall.

The *Saheb* and the Lady went the next morning to see the fallen houses; and the *Saheb* said, "These houses must be rebuilt, but I think there is a much pleasanter situation than this. I like to be comfortable myself, and I like to see my servants comfortable; therefore I will have these new houses built in the most agreeable part of the *compound*, and the houses shall be convenient." So the *Saheb* chose a pleasant spot of ground

in the *compound;* it was airy and cool, and covered with fresh grass, and the garden was so near, that the sweet smell of the flowers reached the place. There the *Saheb* caused four houses to be built: in each house there were two rooms, and in the front there was a *verandah*, in which, during the heat of the day, any one might sit down, sheltered from the sun, and see the boats upon the river, for the river was only a little way off.

So, when the houses were finished, the *dobee* and his wife had one; the *khaunsaumaun* and his family another; the cook, and his wife and child, had the third; and the Ayah and her old woman had the fourth.

"Well," said the Ayah to her old woman, as soon as she had got possession of her house, "this is indeed a delightful place! and two rooms within, besides the *verandah!* In the hot weather I shall sit on the north side, and have a prospect of the river; I shall see all the *budgerows* that go up and down: and in the cold weather I shall sit on the south side, and enjoy the warmth of the sun. And now spread my mat, and I will eat my *curry* in the *verandah*."

While the Ayah sat waiting in the door of her house for her *khauna*, she called first to one neighbor, then to another: "We shall

sleep well here, *khaunsaumaun!*" said she; no disturbance from those dirty children of the *maitre's!* My Lady's clothes will be very white! there is no smoke here from the *bazar!*" And thus she proceeded in high good humor; and when she came in to dress her Lady, she went on in the same way, saying, that she should be as happy in her new house, as if she were in Paradise; and that her house was the best of the four.

"I hope it may be so," said the Lady; "I hope that you may be as happy as you expect."

The next day, when the Ayah went to her *khauna*, the *khaunsaumaun's* wife came to the door of her own house, and lifting aside the corner of the *purdah*, (for she was one that never shewed herself out of doors,) she threw some water out of her *hookah* directly upon the Ayah's *lota* and *paun*-box.

"What have you done so for?" said the Ayah, in a loud angry voice.

By this time the *khaunsaumaun's* wife was gone from the door, but not so far off that she could not hear what the Ayah said. She came to the door again, and peeping half her head out from behind the *purdah*, "Why did you say then that your house is the best of all these four?" said she.

"I said no such thing," said the Ayah.

"Yes, but you did," said the *khaunsaumaun's* wife, "and the *dobine* knows it, and the cook's wife. You said it to the *Bebee-Saheb*, and the *matranee* heard you."

"Well, and if I did say so," said the Ayah, "I said no more than is true; my house is the best of the four, and my Lady meant that I should have the best."

Upon this, out came the *dobine*, and the cook's wife, with her child upon her hips, and they all three set upon the Ayah, abusing her so loud that their voices might be heard over the river; neither was the Ayah behind them, but she scolded, in her turn, till she was out of breath. The old woman left off also preparing the Ayah's *curry*, and came out into the *verandah*, to speak in behalf of her mistress. At length the *khaunsaumaun's* wife, from behind the *purdah*, threw an old shoe at the Ayah, upon which the Ayah got up and flew at the *khaunsaumaun's* wife to beat her; the *khaunsaumaun's* wife called in the *dobine*, and the Ayah her old woman; and the cook's wife set down her child, and took her part in the quarrel: and so presently all the five women were fighting together.

Now the *Saheb* and *Bebee-Saheb* were sitting at *tiffin*, with all the doors and windows open. "What noise is that?" said the *Bebee-Saheb:* "a noise of people screaming; and I think I hear blows, like fighting."

"It comes from the *bazar*," said the *Saheb.*

"Nay, my dear," said the Lady, "I think it comes from the new houses."

"And so it does," said the *Saheb;* "surely the women there are fighting!"

Then the *Saheb* ordered the *khaunsaumaun* to go and see what was the matter. When the *khaunsaumaun* came to his house, he found all the women still fighting: some had bloody noses: others had their faces torn and scratched; and the Ayah's eye was swelled by a blow the *dobine* had given her. When the women saw the *khaunsaumaun* coming, each ran into her own house, for they knew he came from the *Saheb.* The *khaunsaumaun*, who was a steady old man, locked up his wife in the house and returned to his master.

In the evening, when the Ayah came to dress her Lady, her eye, and lips, and one side of her face, were dreadfully swelled. She drew her *chaudur* over her face as well as she could; nevertheless her mistress saw the condition in which she was. Then the

Bebee-Saheb said to the Ayah, "Yesterday, Ayah, you told me, that you should be as happy in the new house, as if you were in Paradise; but I fear you have found some cause of discontent as you and your neighbors have fallen out to-day."

"Ma'am," said the Ayah, "there is no fault in the houses; there is no gentleman's servants in all Hindoostaun have such houses: but with such neighbors, I could not be content, if I were to be in the king's palace. Ma'am does not know what a proud, ill-tempered woman that *khaunsaumaun's* wife is: then the *dobine*—see, she struck me on one side of the face with all her strength; she would have killed me, if she could."

Lady. And what did you do all this time? Did you stand still, to be beat and abused?

"No, indeed," said the Ayah; does the *Bebee-Saheb* think I would stand to be beat by such low people?"

"It seems, Ayah, by your own account," said the Lady, "that you are full as ready to quarrel with the women as they are with you, and that you hate them as much as they do you. With these evil tempers one towards another,—this hatred, malice, and envy,—you could not be happy in heaven

itself; and this shews, Ayah, that what our holy book says is true, viz. that the heart of man must be changed, and made altogether new, before he can enter into the kingdom of heaven." (John iii, 5, 7.)

The Ayah told the Lady, that she did not know what changing the heart meant.

Lady. I told you, Ayah, some time ago, that God made mankind at first innocent and holy; but Satan, that is, the devil, or the old serpent, came to the first woman, and tempted her to disobey God, by eating the forbidden fruit: and she did eat, and gave also to her husband. From that time, their hearts became sinful; and their children, who were formed after their likeness, in their own image, were born full of sin. Every little child that you see, Ayah, is disposed to all kinds of sin. Little babies will quarrel with each other, and with their mothers, even before they can speak or walk; and as they get older, they become every day more and more wicked: so that children who are not sometimes corrected, and kept under fear of their parents, become altogether intolerable. Now we are told, there are two places prepared for mankind after death: the one, heaven; the other, hell. In speaking of heaven, our holy book says, *For since the be-*

ginning of the world men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, O God, besides thee, what he hath prepared for him that waiteth for him. (Isaiah lxiv, 4; 1 Cor. ii, 9.) But this we are sure of, that it is a place beautiful beyond any thing we ever saw; and that in that happy place *there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.* (Rev. xxi, 4.) Hell, on the other hand, is a place burning with fire and brimstone; and there *their worm dieth not, neither is their fire quenched.* (Mark ix,43,44.) Now all those, who, like the old serpent, entertain malice, hatred, anger, and revenge in their hearts, will, we are told, be shut out from heaven, (Gal. v, 19—21;) and after death they will be forever confined with satan in hell: (Rev. xxi, 8;) for if God were to admit people burning with rage and malice into heaven, heaven itself would be filled with disorder and confusion, misery and ruin. Therefore, Ayah, God has taught us that we must pray him to take from us our proud, spiteful hearts, and give us new hearts, that we may be kind to one another, tender-hearted, loving one another. (Psalm li, 10: Matt. vii, 7, &c.)

Ayah. Did Ma'am ever pray to God to give her a new heart?

Lady. It is time for me, Ayah, to go out; but to-morrow evening, when I am dressing, I will answer your question. And now you would do well to go home, and pray to God that he would put into your heart to live in peace with your neighbors.

CHAPTER IV.

In which it is shewn, how we may exchange our evil Nature for a better.

THE next morning, when the Lady was sitting at work, she called in her Ayah, to wind some thread; and as the Ayah sat by her, on the carpet, the Lady entered into the following discourse with her.

"Yesterday, you asked me, if I had ever prayed to God to give me a new heart. I will now answer your question. I was born in Europe, where all people are called Christians, although there are many persons there who think nothing about religion. About

ten years ago, I came to this country; at that time I had no fear of God upon my mind: I thought of nothing but how I should get fine clothes, and jewels, and of going out to great dinners and *nautches*. I was very proud and hard-hearted to my fellow creatures; for I loved no one but myself: and I went on for a long time in this way, till I was taken ill, and so ill, that I thought I should die. Now I knew that there were two places in the next world: hell, for such persons as did not fear God; and heaven, for those who did. And I began to fear, lest hell should be the place provided for me; for I knew I had not lived in the fear of God, nor kept his commandments. And I began, as I said, to be very much frightened; but I did not know what to do.

"Now there was in the place where I lay ill a Christian *padre*. When this *padre* heard I was so ill, and that I was afraid of dying, and going to the place appointed for the wicked, he came to see me. He found me lying upon my couch, and looking very unhappy. When he had made his *salam* to me, he said, 'I heard that you are in great trouble of mind, and I am come to comfort you.'

"'I thank you, Sir,' I said; 'but you can't comfort me, for I have led a very sinful life, and now I fear that I shall die, and that I shall be condemned to hell.

"'So far,' said the *padre*, 'you are right, and say what is true. You are a sinner, as all mankind are; but you have been brought up in a Christian country, and do you not know, that there is a way provided by which the greatest sinner may be saved from hell?'

"'I was born in a Christian country,' I answered, 'but I never thought about religion; all my time has been spent in dressing, and dancing, and singing, and eating, and drinking.'

"Then the good *padre* taught me, that all mankind were sinners, and fit only, through their exceeding sinfulness, for hell-fire; but that the Almighty Lord God had, in his great mercy and kindness, sent his only Son into the world, to die for men, and that all who believe in him should have their sins forgiven them. The Son of God, he repeated to me, was equal with God, and one with God; and that he came down from heaven, and was made man in the womb of a holy Virgin; that he lived thirty-three years in this world, spending all his time in doing good; at the end of which time he

gave up his life upon the cross, receiving in his own person the punishment of all our sins. He told me, also, that I must believe in this blessed Savior, and love him; that through him I should receive the Holy Spirit of God, which would enter into my heart, and make my heart clean, so that I should no longer love sin. He taught me, also, how to seek the Lord Jesus Christ, that is, by praying to him, and confessing myself to be a miserable sinner, which is what I really am. He directed me, also, to read God's holy book, and to think upon the words of the book, and pray for help that my life might be ruled by it.

"So I observed what this holy *padre* told me, and applied myself to read God's holy book, and pray, and think upon all the things which the Son of God had done for me; and I found my heart by degrees beginning to change; and then the evil things that I used to love, became hateful to me. And whereas I used to live in enmity with God and my fellow-creatures, I now began to love my God, who gave his Son for me; and his commandments, which I once despised, now became precious in my sight."

Then the Ayah asked the lady what God's commandments are?

The lady answered, "There are ten commandments which God has given to men: these I will teach you at some future time. No man was ever yet able to keep these commandments perfectly, by reason of the sinfulness of the nature of man; but those who love God, and have been reconciled to him by the blood of the Son of God, are best able to keep them, because to them is given the assistance of the Holy Spirit."

CHAPTER V.

Conversation on the Ten Commandments.

One morning, when the Ayah was brushing her Lady's hair, and the *dayuh* standing by with a *punkah*, the Lady said, "Ayah, you asked me one day what the ten commandments are. I will tell you what they are, and when they were delivered to man. There was a certain mountain in Arabia, upon which the Lord God himself came down, with thunders, and lightnings, and

smoke, and there he delivered unto Moses the ten commandments, written upon stone."

The Lady then repeated the ten commandments.

By the time the Lady had repeated the ten commandments, her hair being dressed, she got up and went out of the room, leaving the Ayah and *dayuh* together.

Then the *dayuh* said to the Ayah, "What words were those which the *Bebee-Saheb* repeated?"

The Ayah answered, that they were God's own words, and very good words.

"They were not good words," said the *dayuh;* "they were false words. Did not the *Bebee-Saheb* say, that there is but one God? This I know to be false. Is there not Brumhu, and Vishnoo, and Seib, and Doorgha, and Goness, and Luckshmee? Then there is Honeemaun, whose temple is on the river-side, not a hundred yards from the *compound*, does my mistress say he is not a god, though I knew an old woman, whose son was cured of a fever by only looking at him?"

"What my mistress said was very right," said the Ayah; "there is but one God, whatever you Hindoos may say. Our *syeuds* always say so."

"Your *syeuds* then say that which is false," said the *dayuh;* and she began to give the Ayah *gaullee.* And the Ayah answered the *dayuh* in the same manner.

Now the *Bebee-Saheb* was sitting in the parlor, teaching her little girl to read, (for the *Bebee-Saheb* had a little daughter just five years old,) when she heard the noise which the Ayah and the *dayuh* made. "What is that noise that I hear?" said the *Bebee-Saheb* to her little girl. "Go, my dear, and see what is the matter."

When the little girl came back, she told her mother, that the Ayah and *dayuh* were quarrelling.

"Go again," said the *Bebee-Saheb,* "and call them to me."

When the Ayah and the *dayuh* came into the presence of the *Bebee-Saheb,* she asked them what they were quarrelling about. Then the Ayah told her Lady the cause of the quarrel: namely, that the *dayuh* had said, that there were a great many gods, and that she herself had asserted that there was but one God.

The Lady answered, "I would not have you quarrel on the subject. I wish my servants to live in peace with one another; and when they speak upon religious subjects,

I would have them speak in kindness and good-will. I will tell you what my holy book teaches about God." Then the Lady read these words out of the book: "Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars' Hill, and said, Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you. God that made the world, and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though he needed any thing; seeing he giveth to all, life, and breath, and all things; and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth; and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us: for in him we live, and move, and have our being: as certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring. Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead

is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device. And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men every where to repent: because he hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness, by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead." (Acts xvii, 22—31.) "Is there a God besides me? yea, there is no God; I know not any. They that make a graven image are all of them vanity; and their delectable things shall not profit: and they are their own witnesses; they see not, nor know; that they may be ashamed. Who hath formed a god, or molten a graven image that is profitable for nothing? Behold, all his fellows shall be ashamed; and the workmen, they are of men: let them all be gathered together, let them stand up; yet they shall fear, and they shall be ashamed together. The smith with the tongs both worketh in the coals, and fashioneth it with hammers, and worketh it with the strength of his arms: yea, he is hungry, and his strength faileth: he drinketh no water, and is faint. The carpenter stretcheth out his rule, he marketh it out with a line, he fitteth it

with planes, and he marketh it out with the compass, and maketh it after the figure of a man, according to the beauty of a man, that it may remain in the house. He heweth him down cedars, and taketh the cypress and the oak, which he strengtheneth for himself among the trees of the forest: he planteth an ash, and the rain doth nourish it. Then shall it be for a man to burn: for he will take thereof and warm himself; yea, he kindleth it, and baketh bread; yea, he maketh a god, and worshippeth it; he maketh it a graven image, and falleth down thereto. He burneth part thereof in the fire; with part thereof he eateth flesh; he roasteth roast, and is satisfied; yea, he warmeth himself, and saith, Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire: and the residue thereof he maketh a god, even his graven image: he falleth down unto it, and worshippeth it, and prayeth unto it, and saith, Deliver me; for thou art my god. They have not known nor understood: for he hath shut their eyes, that they cannot see; and their hearts, that they cannot understand. And none considereth in his heart, neither is there knowledge nor understanding to say, I have burnt part of it in the fire; yea, also, I have baked bread upon the coals thereof; I have roasted flesh, and eaten it: and shall I

make the residue thereof an abomination? shall I fall down to the stock of a tree? He feedeth on ashes: a deceived heart hath turned him aside, that he cannot deliver his soul, nor say, Is there not a lie in my right hand?" (Isaiah xliv, 8—20.)

When the Lady had done reading, she said to the *dayuh*, "I believe, according to my holy book, that there is but one God; and you have been brought up to think that there are many gods. It would please me, if I could persuade you to leave off worshipping idols of wood and stone, and bring you to serve the true God. But I do not quarrel with you about it, or use you ill about it; therefore I would not have you quarrel with the Ayah any more upon the subject." So the Lady, and the Ayah, and the *dayuh* went to their dinners.

CHAPTER VI.

On the Third Commandment.

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

One day the Lady said to the Ayah, "I never hear you speak, Ayah, but you use

the name of God in your discourse. I think you make very free with that holy name."

"It is my custom, *Bebee-Saheb*," said the Ayah; "I mean no harm."

"I once read the history of a certain king," said the *Bebee-Saheb*, "who would not set his foot upon a bit of paper, lest the name of God should be written on it: I wish I could see you have the same fear of God as that king possessed, Ayah."

"All our people speak in the same way, Ma'am," replied the Ayah; "but we do not mean to offend God."

"But then, I suppose," said the Lady, "that your people do not know the commandment—*Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain?*"

"How should we know the commandments, Ma'am?" said the Ayah; "very few of us can read, and our holy book is written in a tongue which we cannot understand."

"But," added the Lady, "supposing that you cannot read, yet your conscience, if you would listen to it, would tell you, that you must not make free with the name of God: *For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteous-*

ness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness: because that which may be known of God is manifest in them; for God hath shewed it unto them. For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and godhead: so that they are without excuse." (Rom. i, 18—20.)

"Your slave," said the Ayah, "does not understand what her Lady said."

"Do you not know, Ayah," answered the Lady, "that the Almighty God hears every word that his creatures say?"

"Yes, Ma'am," answered the Ayah.

"Will not, then, your common sense tell you," said the Lady, "without the help of a book, that this great God is angry when his holy name is taken in vain?"

Before the Ayah could make any answer, there appeared before the window one of those *fakeers*, who go about with long hair, daubed with mud and filth, and having no clothes. Now the Lady had given orders that no such persons should ever be admitted into the *compound;* nevertheless, through favor of the *chockedaur*, who was a Hindoo, this man was admitted into it, and, as I said, he stood before the door, and began to

demand charity. The Lady immediately ordered the Ayah to drop the *purdah*, and called to the *bearers* in the *verandah*, to see the man turned out. Now the *fakeer* was a sturdy young man, and was as well able to work for his bread as any in India; and this he would have proved, for he was ready to fight the *bearers* when they went to order him away, and, indeed, would have done so, if the *Saheb* had not appeared in the *verandah*. He then made off; but not before he had called the *Saheb* by name, and told him that he did not care for him, and did not fear him.

When the Ayah, who was peeping through the *purdah* in the Lady's room, heard the *fakeer* mention her master's name, she began to call the *fakeer* names in her turn, screaming from behind the *purdah;* and she was so angry, that her Lady was obliged to speak more than once to her, before she was silent.

"Ma'am does not know," said the Ayah, "what liberties that *fakeer* takes with the *Saheb's* name; if she did, surely she would have him taken up and flogged."

"I heard what the *fakeer* said," replied the Lady, "and know that he deserves punishment for coming into people's *compound*, and raising disturbance; these things are

not right. But, perhaps, Ayah, if we all had our deserts, we should require punishment as much as that *fakeer*. You are very angry at that *fakeer*, because he took liberties with your master's name; but whose holy name do you take in vain every day, and every hour, and that in his presence too? —"For great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised; he also is to be feared above all gods. For all the gods of the people are idols: but the Lord made the heavens. Glory and honor are in his presence; strength and gladness are in his place." (1 Chron. xvi, 25—27.) "Behold, in this thou art not just: I will answer thee, that God is greater than man. Why dost thou strive against him? for he giveth not account of any of his matters." (Job xxxiii, 12, 13.) Now, inasmuch as God is greater than your master, your sin is greater than the *fakeer's;* for while he only took liberties with your master's name, you make light of the sacred name of God."

Then the Lady proceeded to talk to the Ayah about God. She told her, that there is but one God, that the throne of his glory is in heaven, but that there is not a place in the whole universe where God is not, as the holy book says, "Whither shall I go from

thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me." (Psalm cxxxix. 7—10.)

"If God is every where," said the Ayah, "why cannot we see him?"

The Lady answered, "Because God has not flesh and bones like you: he is a Spirit, and with the eyes of our bodies we cannot see spirits; but we shall see God after death, when our souls are set free from our bodies."

"Then," said the Ayah, "God does not eat nor drink?"

The Lady answered, "Eating and drinking, and sleeping, are necessary to support our bodies; but a spirit lives without these things: therefore the Hindoos, who pretend that their gods eat, and drink, and sleep, like men, shew that they know nothing about the nature of God. "Among the gods there is none like unto thee, O Lord: neither are there any works like unto thy works. For thou art great and doest wondrous things: thou art God alone." (Psalm lxxxvi, 8, 10.)

I do not know whether the Ayah understood what the *Bebee-Saheb* said; but when her Lady ceased to speak, the Ayah answered, "True words, Ma'am; true words."

CHAPTER VII.

On the Fourth Commandment.

"Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath-day. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all that thou hast to do; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt do no manner of work; thou, and thy son, and thy daughter, thy man-servant, and thy maid-servant, thy cattle, and the stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it."

THE seventh day of the week is that day which the Christians are commanded by God to keep holy; and these are the words of the commandment—"Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath-day; six days shalt thou labor, and do all that thou hast to do, &c." At the same time that God gave the

command, he gave the reason for it, namely, that he made the world in six days, and on the seventh rested from his work, and therefore he commanded all mankind to rest from their work, and to keep it holy. Now the *Bebee* was very careful to keep it holy, and to observe this commandment: she never gave her Ayah any needle-work to do on a Sunday; on that day the *dirge* had a holiday; and the *bearers* had nothing to do but to carry their Lady to church; and the horses rested all that day in the stable. The Lady never gave great dinners on a Sunday, that the *khaunsaumaun* and his people might have rest; and she was not pleased to see the *mollees* do any thing on that day which could be put off to the next. It was also a custom of hers, that the Ayah and *dayuh* should make themselves quite clean on a Sunday; and she was well pleased to see all her servants so.

It happened one Sunday when the *Bebee-Saheb* had been at church, that when she returned home, she saw the Ayah sitting in her dirty clothes sewing. "What are you doing there, Ayah?" said the Lady.

"I am making Ma'am's caps," said the Ayah.

"What, to-day!" answered the Lady. "Do you not know that it is Sunday?"

"Sunday is no holiday to me, Ma'am," replied the Ayah; "I am a Mussulmaun."

"Why do you answer me in that way?" said the Lady: "I am a Christian, if you are not; and I am forbid by my God to allow any one to work for me on a Sunday. These are the words of the command—"Thou shalt do no manner of work, thou, and thy son, and thy daughter, thy man-servant, and thy maid-servant, and thy cattle, and the stranger that is within thy gates;" therefore, it is my duty to forbid your sewing for me, or in my presence. If you choose to go out and sew for yourself, I have nothing to do with it; but I would rather you should not."

The Ayah said nothing, but put up the work, and went and washed, and put on clean clothes, and came back and stood before her Lady. Then the Lady bid her sit down on the carpet, and she spoke to her in this manner: "There are many white people, who are called Christians, in this country, who despise the Sabbath, or holy day of the Lord, and will not take rest on that day, or serve their God upon it. But when the Sabbath day is properly kept, it is the hap-

piest day in the week; and I will tell you how it is kept among the native Christians in India."

"O, Ma'am," said the Ayah, "the black *Feringhees* do not keep Sunday at all; there are several families of them in the *bazar*, and they are great wine drinkers, and very bad people."

"In this part of India they are very bad, I know," said the Lady: "and the reason is, that they have been many ages without the holy book, or teachers; and having no *cast* to lose, they have become worse than even the Hindoos and Mussulmauns. But there is on the Malabar coast, very far away from this place, a certain country which, for above a thousand years, has been inhabited by black Christians. A few years ago, a certain English gentleman travelling round the coast, from Madras to Bombay, visited the country of the native Christians, and sent an account of them to his friends. Their dwelling places are among the mountains, and are exceedingly beautiful, abounding with various trees and flowers, and watered with rivulets from the hills. The first of these Christians, many hundred years ago, being persecuted by wicked people, who hated God, fled from their own country to

this place, and they have lived there ever since, shut out from the rest of the world by the mountains. Here they built churches, which remain to this day. In those churches, every Sabbath-day, the people meet to hear God's holy word read by the priest, and to sing the praises of God; and the little boys are taught to write down the words of the priest upon palm leaves, to the end that they may remember them the better, and be able to read them to their mothers on the evening of holy days. These people live in peace and holiness. Every one marries but one wife; for the fear of God is with the people, and their hearts are turned from the abominations which are practised in this part of India."

When the Lady had done speaking, the Ayah answered, "I could not have thought there were so many black Christians in India, and that they lived so happily."

Then answered the Lady, "The *Feringhees* who do love their God, are happy in every country, because the commandments of God, when kept, tend to make men happy in this world: and faith in the Lord has taken from them the fear of death, having a sure promise, that those who love God will be received into happiness the moment they

die; then every day, for ever and for ever, will be like Sunday to them, because they dwell in the house of their God, and rest from all their labor and sorrow."

By this time *tiffin* was ready, so the Lady dismissed her Ayah.

CHAPTER VIII.

On the Fifth Commandment.

"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

One day when the *Saheb* was out, the *Bebee-Saheb* took a walk round the *compound* with her little girl. When they came opposite the new houses, she sent a *bearer* to fetch her a chair, that she might sit down, and enjoy the prospect, which was there, as I said before, very beautiful. While the Lady sat looking about her, and enjoying the cool air, and sweet smell of the flowers in the garden, the cook's wife came out of the door of her house, to make her *salam* to the *Be-*

bee. Her little boy, who was now able to walk, ran out after her, and held out his arms to her, to take him up; but she not seeing him at first, he began to beat her, with his little hands, with all his might: and though he could not speak plain, yet his little tongue went as fast as it could, trying to give *gaullee* to his mother. His mother took him up in her arms, and kissed him; upon which he became more furious, and tried to scratch her face and bite her. The *Bebee-Saheb* called to him, and looked angrily at him, whereupon the child immediately ceased crying, and was silent.

Then the Lady called the cook's wife to her, and said, "When your little boy struck you, and fell into so violent a passion, why did you allow it?"

"What could I do, *Bebee-Saheb?*" said the cook's wife.

"I will tell you," said the *Bebee-Saheb*, "what I do when my little girl is naughty: I beat her with a rod; and the reason why I beat her is, that God has commanded us, in his holy book, to correct our children."

"But, *Bebee-Sabeb*, how can I beat this little child?" said the cook's wife; "he is so little!"

"Because he is little," said the Lady, "is the very reason that you should correct him. He cannot resist you now, or run from you; but when he is bigger he will do both. The reason why we see so many undutiful children as we do in this country is, that parents will not correct their children while they are young, but allow them to go on, from day to day, following their own evil desires."

Then the Lady bid the cook's wife and the Ayah sit down, for the Ayah was come up to hear what the Lady had to say, and the Lady told them this story.

THE PORTUGUESE AYAH.

Some years ago, (said the Lady,) I had an Ayah, a Portuguese woman. These Portuguese profess to be Christians, although too many of them have very little of the fear of God. This Ayah had a son who was not more than three years of age when I first saw him, and he used to run after her as she went about her work. One morning before I was up, I heard this little creature say bad words to his mother in the *verandah*. I called her into my room, and said, "Ayah, you say that you fear God, and believe in

the Lord Jesus Christ, who died for you upon the cross; why do you permit that child to say wicked words? Do you not know that God hates filthy language? and that such as use it will not be admitted into the kingdom of heaven?"

"What can I do, Ma'am?" said the Ayah.

I answered, "Beat him with a rod, and teach him the following commandment of God—"Honor thy father and mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." "

"He is too young, Ma'am," said the Ayah; "I cannot beat him."

"Well then," said I, "you must keep him at your house; for if he is not taught to be good, he shall not come here."

So the Ayah kept him in her house in the *compound.* I used to see him running about with the little children in the *bazar;* and when his mother found fault with him, he used either to run away, or say bad words to her. After a time, I again said to her, "Ayah, if you do not correct your boy, and make him obedient to you, he will grow up to be a wicked boy."

"Ah, poor child!" she answered, "how can I correct him? he is so young!"

When the boy was about seven years old, I spoke to the Ayah again, and that very seriously: "That boy of yours," said I, "is growing up in wickedness, and it grieves me to see it. Bring him to me to-morrow; I will give the *moonshee* orders to teach him."

"Yes, Ma'am," said the Ayah.

When next morning came, she did not bring him. "Where is your boy, Ayah?" said I.

"Ma'am, his clothes are dirty," she answered; "I will bring him to-morrow."

The next day, however, he did not come. Again I said, "Ayah, where is your boy?"

"Ma'am," she said, "he has hurt his foot, and can't come."

The next day she told me, that his head ached; and thus made excuses for seven or eight days. At last I grew angry, and said, "Ayah, if you do not tell me the truth why you do not bring your boy to learn to read, I will send you away."

Then she was frightened, and said, "Ma'am, he won't come."

"Why don't you make him come?" I said.

"I cannot," she answered; "he is too strong for me."

Then I said, "The last time I spoke to you, Ayah, about your child, you said you

could not correct him, because he was too little; and now you cannot manage him, because he is too strong for you: and so, with you, the time of correction never comes. I am afraid yours will be a wicked boy."

Then I sent the *chaprassee* to bring the boy in by force; and the *moonshee*, in order to please me, tried to teach him: but he had been brought up to disobey his mother, and now he would not obey his master, and the *moonshee* was forced to leave off teaching him, and he was given up to his mother again. He grew more and more headstrong every day, and turned out a very bad young man; and the end was, that he robbed his poor mother of all her *bangles*, and a little hoard of *rupees* which she had made, and went off, and we heard that he was drowned in a small boat, with three or four more of his own evil sort, going down to Benares. I took what care I could of the poor Ayah after he was gone; nevertheless, she was so grieved, that she died shortly after. One of the last things she said to me was, "Oh, Ma'am, if I had corrected my son when he was a child, he would not have broken my heart when he grew up."

The cook's wife made *salam* to the Lady when she had finished the story, but she did

not promise to correct her boy. So the Lady and her little girl returned to the *bungalow*.

CHAPTER IX.

On the Sixth Commandment.

"Thou shalt do no murder."

In the service of the *Saheb* were two young *kidmutgars*, whom the *Saheb* had taken in from charity; as one of them had no parents, and the parents of the other were very poor. The name of one of these was Shumsheer; the name of the other, Peer Bukhs. Shumsheer, the elder of the two, was a tall handsome lad: his hair was always cut neatly, and his *turban* put on with taste; he was very clean in his person, and quick and active at work, and always good humored among the servants; and could sing several songs, and tell several stories: so that his company was much sought after among the other *kidmutgars*. And this led him to drinking and smoking, so that he never had a *rupee* before-

hand, and was in debt with half the servants of the family; but still, from his good humor and agreeable appearance, he was liked by many.

Peer Bukhs, on the other hand, was a clumsy ill-looking boy; and he was not less drunken or vicious than Shumsheer. Moreover, he was very ill-natured, and dirty in his person, so that none liked him, neither did he like any one; but above all, he hated Shumsheer. His malice was such, that he could not hide it; but he was always in a sly way striving to spite and injure him, though as yet his ill-will had not broken out into an open quarrel. As to Shumsheer, he used to entertain himself with the malice of Peer Bukhs, and endeavor to provoke him more and more, by laughing at his clumsy figure, and dirty face, and ugly person.

Several times the *Saheb* overheard what passed between these boys; and as the *Saheb* was a man that feared God, and hated sin, he used to reason with the boys in this manner: —"I am sorry," he would say, "to hear of these disputes and disagreements between you. Have you not, Shumsheer and Peer Bukhs, the same wages, and the same work to do? and am not I the master of both, and do I make any manner of difference between

you? When you behave well, am not I equally pleased with both? and am not I equally angry with both, when you behave ill? Do I shew any partiality to either of you? Why, then, should there be those little disputes between you? Know you not, that the Almighty God, that lives on high, but who takes account of every thing which is done on earth, is very angry when his creatures fall out and quarrel with each other? We are all the children of one man, and are, therefore, all brethren, and, as such, we should love each other; "not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing; but contrariwise blessing." " (1 Pet. iii, 9.) Then the *Saheb* shewed the boys how often it had happened that men had begun with jests, and a few angry words, to provoke each other, and that their hatred had arisen to such an height as to end in murder. He taught them, also, the sixth commandment, which is, "Thou shalt do no murder;" and explained to them, that if they hated each other, they were no better than murderers, as it is written in the holy book, "He that hateth his brother is a murderer."

About this time the *Saheb* and the *Bebee-Saheb* had occasion to go to Calcutta by water. They took with them most of the ser-

vants; and among the rest, Peer Bukhs and Shumsheer. These two boys had very little to do, as the pinnace glided down the stream of the Ganges, but to sit at the top of the boat smoking their *hookáhs;* and on this occasion, Shumsheer, to make sport for the *dandies*, and other people in the boat, renewed his old custom of mocking Peer Bukhs. Peer Bukhs had nothing to say in return, for he had no ready wit; but he hated Shumsheer in his heart, and began to plot dark schemes of vengeance.

At Patna, the pinnace and the other boats stopped two days, and the *Saheb* went on shore, to dine with a certain great gentleman who lived there; and he took with him Shumsheer and Peer Bukhs, to attend him at dinner.

Now when Shumsheer came to stand behind his master's chair, at the great *Saheb's* table, he was dressed, as usual, quite clean, his hair neatly cut, his turban well folded, and his face newly washed. But Peer Bukhs looked as if he had slept for a week in the clothes he had then on, and his hair was all tangled, and his face dirty. As they attended at the great *Saheb's* table, the great *Saheb* said, "What a difference there is between those two boys behind your chair! one

is as neat and smart a servant as ever I saw, and the other as dirty and ill-looking a lad as can be seen."

Now Shumsheer and Peer Bukhs knew what the great *Saheb* said, although he spoke in English; and when they got back to their boats, Shumsheer triumphed over Peer Bukhs, and told all the words of the great *Saheb* to the servants and the *dandies*. Then Peer Bukhs determined in his heart, that he would be revenged the very first opportunity; but he dissembled his wicked thoughts.

After a few days, the pinnace was moored one afternoon in a solitary place, where the banks were covered with thick *jungle* down to the very brink of the water. Under the trees were many foot-paths, leading up inland. Now Peer Bukhs knew this place, for he had been here before; and he knew that up in the wood there was a hut, where *toddy* was sold, for thereabouts were many *toddy* trees. So, pretending friendship for Shumsheer, he proposed that they should go on shore, and buy *toddy:* "For," said he, "our master does not dine till it is dark, and we shall not be wanted till it is time to make the table ready."

Shumsheer loved strong liquor, therefore he accepted the proposal, and together they both went up into the wood.

Now the house I spoke of was as much as half a *coss* up the country, and it stood alone; and near it were many tall *toddy* trees. Shumsheer had no *pice* to buy *toddy* with, but Peer Bukhs had abundant. So Peer Bukhs paid for the *toddy* which Shumsheer drank, and pressed him to drink more, till Shumsheer was quite drunk, but Peer Bukhs kept himself sober.

Now beyond this house where the *toddy* was sold, was a footpath, winding among the trees, to a deep well, which was now dry, and the top was grown over with grass and bushes. Peer Bukhs knew the place, for he was from this country. So, when he thought Shumsheer had drank enough for his purpose, he proposed that they should return to the boats. Accordingly, Shumsheer got up, and gave Peer Bukhs his hand, to lead him to the river; for he was not able to guide himself. But the wicked Peer Bukhs, instead of conducting him towards the boats, led him to the brink of the dry well, and there giving him a push, he fell through the weeds and brushwood, and rose no more. Shumsheer had a *cummer-bund*, of rose-colored muslin, and as he fell, it caught upon the briers at the top of the well.

But Peer Bukhs did not observe this; for as soon as he perceived his companion in the well, he fled towards the boats, rejoicing in the destruction of his enemy, and saying within himself, "No man has seen what I have done." But there was one above that saw it, even God. He caused the voice of his brother's blood to cry from the ground, to bring the murderer to punishment.

When Peer Bukhs came to the river, he went about his business as usual, making the table ready in the pinnace, the *khaunsaumaun* and the other *kidmutgars* being in the cooking-boats, and the Lady and *Saheb* walking on the bank of the river with their little girl. When dinner was ready, the *khaunsaumaun* came in with the first dish. "Where is Shumsheer?" said he.

"I do not know," said Peer Bukhs; "is he not in the cooking-boat?"

"No," answered the *khaunsaumaun:* "did he not go out with you when the boats came to?"

"Yes," said Peer Bukhs, "we went on shore together, but he went one way, and I another; and I know nothing about him."

"O!" said the *khaunsaumaun*, "he is at his old tricks, getting drunk."

There was not much inquiry made for Shumsheer that night; but the next morning the *khaunsaumaun* informed the *Saheb* at breakfast, that Shumsheer was missing, and the *Saheb* immediately ordered the boats to stop, for they already had advanced some miles, and sent several persons back to the place from which they had started in the morning, to inquire for him. But they all returned in the evening without having gained any information concerning him, only that the old man who sold the *toddy* said, that two young men, looking like *kidmutgars*, had come to his house, in the afternoon of the day before, to buy *toddy*, but that he could give no account of whence they came or whither they went.

As no news could be got of Shumsheer, the *Saheb* believed that he had run away, and ordered the boats to go on next morning.

Then Peer Bukhs rejoiced again in his own mind, saying within himself, "No eye hath seen what I have done, and I am revenged of my enemy."

So the *Saheb* went down to Calcutta, and remained there with his family three weeks; after which, he returned up the river, and arrived again at the place where poor Shumsheer had been murdered, about three months

after he had left it. "O! mamma! mamma!" said the *chootee-bebee*, when the boat came to anchor under the wood, "here is the very place where poor Shumsheer was lost."

"It is, my dear," said the *Bebee:* "poor Shumsheer!"

While they were speaking, the *Saheb* called them to take a walk under the trees. So the *Saheb*, and the Lady, and the little girl, went on shore; and the *bearers* followed, to carry the little girl when she was tired.

So they walked through the wood path; and the little girl gathered flowers; and the *Saheb* and *Bebee* were much pleased with the singing of the *minors* among the trees, and the cooing of the doves. They saw no habitation of man in the wood, till they came to the house where *toddy* was sold; and there they saw the old man giving out *toddy*, in earthen jars, to the *dandies* of the boats. When the *dandies* saw the *Saheb*, they made off as quickly as they could, and the old man was standing alone at the door of the hut, when the *Saheb* and his family came up. "You follow a bad trade there," said the *Saheb* to the old man: "you are a great promoter of drunkenness; and do you not know that God hates drunkenness?"

"*Haun, Saheb, haun, Saheb,*" said the old man: but he did not seem to understand the *Saheb's* words.

The *Saheb* then asked the old man, if he remembered two young *kidmutgars* coming to him about three months ago to buy *toddy;* one of which was remarkably smart, and well-looking. But the old man had now forgotten the circumstance; so the *Saheb* and his family passed on.

It happened that they took the very path which led to the dry well. The little girl, who ran on before, was seeking on this side and that side for flowers; but she never went out of the pathway, because her mother had ordered that she should not. When she came opposite the dry well, she saw the rose-colored muslin on the briars. It had never rained since Shumsheer had been thrown into the well; therefore the muslin, although somewhat faded, had not very much lost its color. "What is that," said the little girl, "on the briars? I see rose-colored muslin. Shumsheer's *cummerbund* was rose-colored."

"There is a well there," said the *bearers;* and they bid the little *Bebee* not to step out of the path, for fear she should fall into the well.

"Perhaps Shumsheer is in that well," said the little girl.

By this time, the *Saheb* and *Bebee* came up; and when the *Saheb* saw the rose-colored muslin upon the briars, and perceived that there was a well, he began to be afraid that Shumsheer had lost his way, and fallen into the well. He stepped nearer the mouth of the well, and saw more of the rose-colored muslin; and a little lower down, hanging upon the bushes, he saw poor Shumsheer's turban. He stepped back, very much shocked, and said, "Poor fellow! his body is no doubt at the bottom of the well. This was the effect of drunkenness. He got drunk, I have no doubt, at that old man's house, and lost his way, as he endeavored to get back to the boats. Poor sinful young man!" The *Saheb* then turned back, and the rest followed mournfully to the boats.

When they came back to the boats, the *dandies* and some of the servants were cooking their dinners on the shore. It was soon told among them, that Shumsheer's body was found; and one of the *bearers* called to Peer Bukhs, who was laying the cloth in the pinnace, to tell him that the body of Shumsheer was found. "Well," said Peer Bukhs, "have I any thing to do with that?"

"Who said you had?" replied the *bearer*.

"Did I push him into the well?" said Peer Bukhs.

"Who said you did?" said the *bearer*. "And if it comes to that, who told you he was found in a well?"

It happened that the *Saheb* was just stepping over the plank into the pinnace, and overheard what passed between the *bearer* and Peer Bukhs, and now, remembering the hatred that used to be between Peer Bukhs and Shumsheer, it struck him at once, that Peer Bukhs had murdered Shumsheer. He also wondered that he had not himself before perceived the contradiction between the answer of Peer Bukhs, when questioned by the *khaunsaumaun* on the evening when they first missed Shumsheer, and the report made by the servants the next day, which was, that Peer Bukhs said, "We went on shore together; and he went one way, and I another, and I know nothing about him:" whereas, the servants in the morning, returning from the search, had reported from the old man who sold *toddy*, that two young men, looking like *kidmutgars*, had been at his house together. He instantly called the *clashees*, and bade them seize the boy. But before they could obey his orders, Peer

Bukhs jumped out of the windows of the boat, thinking to swim across the river, as he was a good swimmer; but the stream in that place was too strong for him, and he was carried under the cooking-boat, and seen no more: and this was the end of this murderer. And if we could, in like manner, trace the history of every murderer, we should find, that, sooner or later, he paid the price of his bloody deed; for it is one of the commandments of God, *Thou shalt do no murder.*

CHAPTER X.

On the Seventh Commandment.

"Thou shalt not commit adultery."

One day the *Bebee-Saheb* went out to dine at a neighboring lady's house. Before she went, she said, "Ayah, as soon as I am gone, give my little daughter *khauna*; and when she has said her prayers, put her to bed, and do not take her out again."

So the *Bebee-Saheb* went out; but it happened that, just as she sat down, she was taken ill, and was obliged to return home. Now the Ayah, the *dayuh*, and the *matranee*, did not expect to see the *Bebee-Saheb;* and behold, they had not put the little missy to bed, but were all dancing, and singing, and making *tomachee;* and the little *bebee* was sitting in the midst of them laughing. Now the *Bebee-Saheb* understood Hindoostaunee very well; and she knew that the songs which the women were singing, were bad songs, such as bad women sing. When the Lady came in, the women were frightened, and were all silent in a minute. The *Bebee-Saheb* was angry; and first she spoke to her little girl: "Did not I order you to go to bed immediately after I was gone? You have disobeyed me, therefore I shall punish you immediately; for disobedience to parents is a great sin, and makes God very angry." So the Lady whipped her little girl, and put her to bed.

Then the Lady called the three women into the next room, and thus she spoke to them: "You have been guilty," said she, "of several very great offences: first, in disobeying your mistress. It is the will of God that servants should obey their masters:

not with eye-service, as men-pleasers; but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart. Therefore, those servants who do not obey the lawful commands of their masters and mistresses, are committing a great sin against God. But the fault which makes me even more angry with you than your disobedience to me, is that shameful custom which you Hindoostaunee women have, whenever you are together, of using bad words, and making filthy jests: whether you are Hindoos, or Mussulmauns, or Christians, you must know, that God hates these wicked jestings. And if you do not know it, I will tell you, that the Almighty Lord God will not receive any person into his heavenly kingdom, who loves these filthy jestings, but will send all such persons to live with the devil in everlasting fire."

The Ayah and the *matranee* made no answer, for they were ashamed; but the *dayuh* answered "*Bebee-Saheb*, do not be angry. We did not say any thing bad; we were only singing and dancing to please the little *bebee:* we said no bad words."

"*Daynh*," said the *Bebee-Saheb*, "I have been in this country many years, and know when you say bad words, as well as you do yourselves; and I often charged you never

to let any person speak bad words before my little girl. Do you love my little girl, *dayuh?*"

"O! surely I do," said the *dayuh:* "is she not mine? Did I not give her my milk?"

"Then," said the Lady, "would you like to see her grow up to be a bold woman, despised by her husband, and by all the world? and, after her death, to see her, perhaps, condemned to everlasting fire in hell?"

"O! Heaven forbid!" said the *dayuh.*

"Do you not know," said the Lady, "that as you bring up a child, so will it go when it grows up. Now, if you are always using bad words, and making wicked jests before a child, the child will learn those wicked jests, and take delight in them; and when it grows bigger, it will proceed from wicked words to wicked deeds."

Then the Lady told the women a story. "There was once in my service," said she, "some years ago, a *dayuh,* who had one daughter. This daughter was a very handsome girl, and I was so much afraid lest any harm should happen to her, that I kept the girl in my *bungalow* with her mother. The mother, too, seemed to be careful of her daughter: she dressed her with nicety, plaited her hair neatly, and caused her to stain the

palms of her hands and feet with the juice of *mindy*. She would upon no account let her speak to a man; and if by chance the *Saheb* came into the room, she made the girl cover her face. But, with all this mighty seeming care, the *dayuh* was always talking lightly and uttering vain jests before the girl. When I was told of this, I spoke to the *dayuh*: 'You are afraid of your daughter, *dayuh*; you do not even permit her to speak to a man.'

"The *dayuh* answered, 'If she makes free with men, no one will marry her. I am a poor woman, and as my daughter is very handsome, if I take care of her, she may, perhaps, marry well, and then I shall have a home in my daughter's house.'

"'But are you not afraid,' said I, 'when she does marry, that she may not behave well to her husband? Many women have left their husbands and gone to other men, breaking the commandment of God, namely, *Thou shalt not commit adultery*.'

"'Many women have done so,' said the *dayuh*, 'but why should I suppose that my daughter will?'

"I answered, 'Do you not continually, in the presence of your daughter, make a jest and mockery of those kind of sins? Is it not

your delight to talk of them? and when you think I do not hear, are they not constantly the subject of your discourse? Modesty, with you, is all outward; it consists in covering the face, putting down the eyes, and pretending to be ashamed to look at a man. But the modesty which Jesus Christ teaches us, is inward modesty: Christian women are taught to refrain from filthy conversation, and to hate even filthy thoughts. Christian modesty is from the heart.'

"The *dayuh* would not pay any attention to what I said, but she took her own way with her daughter. After a short time, the girl was married to a man who had a great deal of money, and the mother went with her to her husband's house. I heard nothing of her for some years, when, one day, the *dayuh* came crying to me, saying, that her daughter had run away the night before from her husband's house. I asked her, if her daughter had had any quarrel with her husband. After much hesitation, she confessed that her son-in-law was jealous of her daughter, and that he had beaten her severely.

"I found afterwards, by inquiry, that the man had good reason to be jealous of his

wife, and that she had deserved the chastisement he had given her.

"For many years we heard no more of the young woman; but I was at length told by a servant, whom we hired some time afterwards, at Calcutta, that the young woman had fled there in company with some man, and that, after a few years spent there in vice and misery, she had died in the streets, and her body had been thrown out upon the banks of the river, to be devoured by vultures and jackals. And this was the end of this handsome girl, who, if she had been modest, as well as handsome, might have lived honorably with her husband, and died respected and happy.

"But being miserable in this world," said the Lady, "is not the worst punishment of bold women. My holy book tells me, that *adulterers God will judge;* (Heb. xiii, 4,) and in another place, speaking of a bad woman, it says, *Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death.* (Prov. vii, 27.) Now, if we think what a dreadful place hell is, a place burning with fire and brimstone—a place of everlasting fire, where there never will be one drop of water to cool the tongue, I think we ought to pray to the

Almighty God to make us modest both in our words and deeds."

The Lady said no more, but went to bed; and I am happy to say, that the women, from that time, were careful never to say a bad word before the child.

CHAPTER XI.

On the Eighth Commandment.

"Thou shalt not steal."

In the first of these stories, I told you that the Ayah had a great many faults; one of these faults was, that she would steal, if she thought she could without being found out. Her way of taking things was this: if she saw any thing she fancied, she would put it in some odd place, where she was pretty sure nobody would look for it; under the mat, or behind an *almirah*, or under the mattress of the bed. And she would keep it there, till she found whether it was inquired for; and if it was not inquired after for some time, she would carry it away.

The *Bebee-Saheb* had a very pretty pair of Europe scissars, which the Ayah coveted. So one day she took the scissars out of the box where the Lady kept her work, and put them under the cover of the carpet in the Lady's dressing-room.

The Lady having several pair of scissars did not miss these; and several days passed away, when, one morning, the little *bebee* was idle, and her mother made her stand in the corner of the room to learn her task. As the little girl stood shuffling about the corner, she felt something under her feet, and, looking under the carpet, she found the scissars. "O, mamma!" she cried, here are your new scissars under the carpet!"

"How could they get there, my dear?" said the Lady.

"Somebody must have put them there," answered the little girl; it must be the Ayah, or the *matranee*."

Then the Lady called the *matranee* and the Ayah, and said, "How does it happen that my scissars are put under the carpet in the corner of the room?"

The Ayah and the *matranee* answered, that they knew nothing at all about the matter.

Then said the Lady, "You do not think I am so foolish as to suppose, that the scissars were put there without hands; and you must have put them there, because you have the care of the things in this room. But, as I do not know which of you it was, I shall pass the affair over for this time; but be careful in future, and remember, that one of God's commandments is, *Thou shalt not steal.*"

Then the Lady dismissed the *matranee*, but she further spoke to the Ayah: "Ayah," she said, "I have once or twice before suspected you of not being quite honest. I have lost many little things since you lived with me. It grieves me to think of this, not because I care for the things which I have lost, but because I know from my holy book, that no thieves (unless they repentand turn away from their evil practices) will enter into the kingdom of God; neither will the goods their dishonesty acquires, bring them pleasure or advantage in this world. It is better to have a few *cowries* honestly earned, than a hundred *rupees* not gained honestly: for with the one comes the blessing of God; with the other, his curse. There is a saying of King Solomon's written in my holy book,—"There is an evil which I have seen

under the sun, and it is common among men: a man to whom God hath given riches, wealth, and honor, so that he wanteth nothing for his soul of all that he desireth, yet God giveth him not power to eat thereof, but a stranger eateth it: this is vanity, and it is an evil disease." (Eccles. vi, 1, 2.)

Now the Ayah heard what the *Bebee-Saheb* said, but she paid no heed to the words in her heart, but went on in her old custom, taking such little things as she thought would not be missed: sometimes a few pins, sometimes a needle, a clue of thread, a piece of cloth or muslin, a handkerchief, or bit of ribbon. At length, it happened, that a neighboring lady came to spend the day with the *Bebee-Saheb;* and, as is the custom with the European ladies, she brought her work with her, and sat working in the *Bebee-Saheb's* dressing room.

While the strange lady sat working, the Ayah saw that she had a golden thimble, and coveted it. So, when the lady went to *tiffin*, and left her work and thimble upon the table, the Ayah watched her opportunity, and placed the thimble under the table, in a place where it was partly hid by one of the feet of the table. It so happened, that when the lady gathered her work together, to go

home, she did not think of her thimble, and, two or three days afterwards, she went out of the country: so the Ayah made sure of the thimble. However, for more than a year, she did not dare to change it, lest it should be inquired for. At length, she sent it to the *bazar*, and changed it for a pair of *bangles*, which were to be made for her ancles.

The old woman brought the *bangles* home in the morning; but the conscience of the Ayah smiting her, she could not put them on as soon as they came. In the evening, after she had dressed the *Bebee-Saheb*, she went over to her house, and when she had eaten her *khauna*, she put on the *bangles*. As she was fastening on the last of these, she heard some of the servants call her from the *bungalow*. She jumped up, and ran over in a great hurry; and as she ran, one of the *bangles* fell from her ancle into the grass, for it was not rightly fastened. So she undressed the *Bebee-Saheb;* and when the Lady was in bed, the Ayah lay down in the outer room near the Lady's door.

Now there was a lamp burning in the room; and when she had lain awhile, she got up to look at her new *bangles*. It was then that she found out that one of the new *bangles* was gone. Without speaking a

word, she took up the lamp, and searched all the room; but not finding it, she ran out, (not staying to put on her shoes) into the grass which she had crossed over in her haste when she was called from the house. As she ran along, she set her foot upon a serpent, and it immediately turned and bit her in the fleshy part of her leg. The poor Ayah screamed so loud when she felt the bite of the serpent, that not only the *chockedaurs*, but the *bearers*, who were sitting talking in the *verandah*, and several other servants came running out. While some of them pursued the serpent, the *bearers*, by the master's orders, (who was also roused by the noise,) lifted the Ayah into the *palanquin*, and ran away with her to the doctor's *bungalow;* for there was an European doctor living near the *Saheb*.

When the doctor saw the Ayah's leg, without saying a word, he took a knife, and cut out the part that was bit, saying, "That may save you; nothing else will:" for by this time, the other servants, and the *Saheb* himself, were come over with the dead serpent, which was very large, and of a deadly sort. It was dreadful pain to the poor Ayah when the piece of flesh was cut out; but she was forced to submit, for the doctor's ser-

vants held her, and her own master stood by. After this, the doctor gave her some medicine, which she was to take every hour till the danger was over.

Through the mercy of God, the Ayah did not die; but she suffered dreadful pain for a long time, and never quite recovered the use of her leg, but went lame all her life: and the servants and people in the *bazar* used to call her the Limping Ayah.

The Ayah used often to say to the old woman, "O! that I had never seen that golden thimble: what has it ever profited me? I had done well, if I had minded the *Bebee-Saheb's* words. How often has she told me, that God has forbidden us to steal any thing, and assured me, that nothing I ever should steal would do me any service!"

From that time the Ayah was very much afraid of stealing; and when she was tempted to steal any thing, she used to say in her heart, "O Lord God, keep me from stealing."

CHAPTER XII.

On the Ninth Commandment.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

It happened one morning in the cold season, that the *Saheb* got up very early to take a ride. After he was dressed, as he was passing through the inner *verandah* in great haste, he ran against a chair, and knocked it down, and it broke a little glass shade, which had been used the evening before, and was set in a corner with some shoes and brushes, and other things, belonging to the *bearers*. There was nobody with the *Saheb* when the accident happened; and, as he was in a great hurry, he went out of the house without telling any one what he had done.

Soon after the *Saheb* was gone, the *maitre* came into the *verandah* at one end, and began sweeping; and the Ayah came in at another door, with the candlestick from her Lady's room. As she was setting down the candlestick, she saw the broken shade: "*Haun! haun!* what is here?" said the Ayah.

"You have broken the shade, *maitre*, with your brush, and what will the *Saheb* say? Your *tulub* will be cut for it."

The *maitre* laid down his brush, and came running to see what was the matter. "Don't say that I broke the shade," said he, "for I have not been near it."

Now the Ayah had had a quarrel with the *maitre's* wife, and she thought that the present occasion was a good opportunity for taking her revenge. "Yes, but you did break it," said she: "did not I see you throw it down, as I stood at the door? and did not I hear the shade fall? I shall take care to let the *Bebee-Saheb* know." So down she set the candlestick, and though the *maitre* called after her, she made no answer, but went back to her Lady's room, where she waited an opportunity to tell her story to the *Bebee-Saheb*.

The *maitre* was much vexed, as you may suppose, and was afraid that the Ayah's story might prevail against him; but, lest some of the other servants should accuse him of the same thing, he left the *verandah* in haste, and went to sweep the other side of the *bungalow*.

As soon as the *maitre* was gone, one of the *palanquin-bearers* came into the *verandah*,

and went to the corner of the room where the broken shade was, and sat down to brush his master's boots. Now the *bearer* had chewed such a quantity of *bang*, during the night, that his eyes were quite red and dull, and he had but just sense enough to put his hand into the boot and brush it; but as to the broken shade, he never saw it.

The *bearer* had no sooner set to work, than the *sirdar-bearer* came in. This man had lived long with the *Saheb*, and was very careful of any thing for which he considered himself accountable. "What is this?" said he, as soon as he saw the broken shade: "what have you been about, Paunch Cowrie?" (for that was the *bearer's* name.) "So you have broken one of the shades! Well, I shall let the *Saheb* know. I will not be blamed, Paunch Cowrie, for your carelessness."

Paunch Cowrie lifted up his stupid eyes, and, for the first time, saw the broken pieces. Then, as the *maitre* had done before him, he began to assert, that he had not broken it.

"Did not I see you kick it down with your foot?" said the *sirdar*. "Did not I see it fall, and hear the crash?"

It was of no use for Paunch Cowrie to declare his innocence; the *sirdar* affirmed, that he had seen him kick the shade down with his foot, and called him a drunkard, and all kind of bad names, and that in a voice so loud, that the *Bebee-Saheb*, who was reading, came out of her room, followed by the Ayah. "What is the matter, *sirdar?*" said the *Bebee-Saheb.*

The *sirdar* was by this time in such a passion with the *bearer*, that he could scarcely speak articulately. At length he stammered out the cause of the quarrel. Now it happened that Paunch Cowrie was a great favorite of the Ayah's, and that she hated the *sirdar* as much as she did the *maitre's* wife; so, without waiting until her Lady should speak, "How dare you say," said she, "that Paunch Cowrie broke the shade, when I myself, not half an hour ago, saw the *maitre* break it with his brush?"

"Have I no eyes?" said the *sirdar.* "Do not I know when I see things? Look at the man, he is drunk now."

"Bring me the Koraun," said the Ayah, "and I will this moment swear upon it, that I this morning saw the *maitre* break it with his *jarran.*"

"I will also swear," said the *sirdar*, "by Gunga, that Paunch Cowrie broke it. I saw him kick it with his foot. I saw it fall, and heard the crash."

By this time the *maitre* was come, and took his part in the quarrel, offering to swear that he had not been in the *verandah* that morning. Anger now ran so high, that the *Bebee-Saheb* could not make herself heard, and all the servants came crowding in to see what was the matter. Things were in this state when the *Saheb* came home. As soon as the *Saheb* came into the *verandah*, he commanded silence, and then asked the *Bebee-Saheb* the reason of all this uproar.

The *Bebee* answered, "The little shade is broken, and the Ayah says she saw the *maitre* break it. The *maitre* says he has not been in the *verandah* this morning till now, and the *sirdar* declares he saw the *bearer* break it; and they are all ready to take their oaths to what they say.

"Yes, *Saheb*," said the *sirdar*, "I will swear by the waters of Gunga, that I saw Paunch Cowrie break the shade."

"It was broken before Paunch Cowrie came into the *verandah*," said the Ayah; "and I will swear to that. I saw Paunch

Cowrie asleep out of doors when the *maitre* was sweeping the *verandah*."

"Did you see the *maitre* break the shade, Ayah?" said the *Saheb*.

"Yes, *Saheb*," answered the Ayah.

"And are you willing to swear to it?" said the *Saheb*.

"I am," answered the Ayah.

"Then," said the *Saheb*, "I am convinced that you and the *sirdar-bearer* are liars; and are not only guilty of the great sin of lying, but also of bearing false witness, and also calling upon God, or those you call gods, to be witness of your malicious falsehood. We English people are wicked enough, but in this respect we are not half so sinful as you Hindoos and Mussulmauns are. Very few English men or women will tell lies upon oath; but among you there is no truth: you are all liars; and, for the purpose of gain, or love of vengeance, there is nothing to which you would not swear. You, Ayah, are a Mussulmaunee, and the Mussulmauns pretend to respect the commands of God; know that this is one of God's commandments—*Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor*. And it is also written in my holy book, that every liar shall have

his portion in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone."

Then the *Saheb* mentioned in what manner he had broken the shade himself, and finished, by ordering both the Ayah and *sirdar* to leave his service: "For," said he, "I will not keep such wicked liars under my roof."

The Ayah looked at the *Bebee-Saheb;* but what could her Lady do for her now? She had often, indeed, told her, it was wicked to tell lies; and if she had listened to her, she would not have been in this trouble. So the Ayah and the *sirdar* received their wages, and were turned away. The *sirdar* went to his own country, and the *Bebee-Saheb* allowed the Ayah to remain in her house in the *compound* till she could get a place. But she could not get a place, on account of her lameness, nobody would take her. So she remained in the *compound* for one year. Then the *Bebee-Saheb* begged the *Saheb* to let her take her again into her service, for she was sorry for her, as she had lived with her so many years.

CHAPTER XIII.

On the Tenth Commandment.

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his servant, nor his maid, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is his."

ONE morning, a poor woman came into the *compound* to beg charity. She came to the door of the Lady's *bungalow*. She had a little child with her, about four years of age. Now it was the cold weather, and the little child had no clothes; so the Lady sent the Ayah for one of her little daughter's frocks, and put it upon the poor woman's child. After the poor woman was gone, the Lady perceived that the Ayah looked as if she was not well pleased; and she heard her say to the *matranee* in the next room, that she did not think it right that the little *Bebee's* clothes should be given to the *fakeers*.

Then the Lady called the Ayah, and said, "Ayah, you are displeased because I gave an old frock to a poor child."

"I am a poor woman," said the Ayah, "and I have taken care of the little *Bebee* since she was born, therefore I hoped the *Bebee-Saheb* would have given me all the child's clothes."

The Lady replied, "You have a good house, and clothes, and food, and many silver *bangles* and rings; therefore you cannot be called a poor woman; and yet you grudge an old frock to a poor naked child."

To this the Ayah made no answer, and the Lady said, "You are a Mussulmaunee, Ayah, and the Mussulmauns hold the ten commandments to be good. Now in the tenth commandment it is written, *Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his servant, nor his maid, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is his.* When you came to me, I promised you seven *rupees* a month, and two suits of clothes every year; but I promised you neither my old clothes nor my child's, and although I often give them to you, yet you have no right to covet or desire them, particularly as you are in want of nothing."

The Ayah answered, "The *Bebee-Saheb* does not recollect that I have a son, for whom I wish to lay up a little."

"Your son, Ayah," replied the Lady, "is growing up, and able to work for himself; you need not, therefore, be covetous on his account. It would be better for him to have the blessing of God and be poor, than all the riches in the world."

Then the Lady bade the Ayah sit down, and she told her a story.

THE COVETOUS MAN.

There was once in a certain village in Bahar, a *dirge* and his wife, who, for many years, had no children. They were industrious people, and very careful of their money, so that every year they were enabled to lay by a considerable sum of money to support them in their old age. After a time, however, it pleased God to give them a son, a very fine and promising child, of an agreeable countenance, and affectionate temper. "Now we have got this son," said the *dirge's* wife, "we must endeavor to save more than we used to do, in order that we may be enabled to provide handsomely for him at our death."

"True," answered the *dirge:* "nevertheless, I would have no expence spared in his education, that he may have every accom-

plishment suitable to the fortune we hope to give him."

Accordingly, the boy was brought up with care, and at the age of sixteen he was a fine youth, the delight of his parents.

The *dirge* had a brother named Peeru, who had left his native village some years before the *dirge's* marriage, and had never been heard of from that time. One evening, just as it was dusk, a man came and presented himself at the door, making himself known to be Peeru. When the *dirge* recognized his brother, he embraced him cordially, presenting his son to him, and desiring his wife to prepare something good for his supper.

While the *dirge's* wife was grinding the *mussala* in the inner room, she heard Peeru telling his brother and nephew what had happened to him during his long absence from home, and how he had fallen into good services, and met with kind friends. From all which, the *dirge's* wife inferred, that Peeru did not return without some considerable treasure, which was probably concealed about some part of his clothes. And now her covetous heart began to suggest to her, "If I could get possession of his treasure, how would it enrich me and my son!" So

she made haste, and prepared a supper, and set it before her husband, and his brother, and her son. Peeru was hungry, and ate heartily; after which, "Brother," said he, "I feel weary: will you point out to me where I shall go to rest?"

His nephew said, "Here is a bed in this room, where I frequently sleep; and there is another in the *verandah*. Take your choice, uncle; either is at your service."

The uncle made choice of the bed which was in the *verandah;* and the young man conducted his uncle to it, himself taking the couch in the inner apartment.

All this the *dirge's* wife observed, and when she and her husband were retired to their own chamber, which was at the top of the house, she thus addressed her husband: "Husband, I perceive, from what I overheard, that your brother is returned home very rich."

The *dirge* answered, that he believed what his wife said was true, and that he had reason to think that all his treasure was concealed about him.

The *dirge's* wife then opened her covetous heart to her husband. "I have a great desire," she said, "to possess these riches, and I know not what would be more easy than

to take them from your brother while he is asleep."

"But when he awakes," said the *dirge*, "will he not inquire after his treasure, and perhaps bring us to justice?"

"Take this sharp knife," said the wife; "it would very soon put it out of his power to tell who robbed him. And when you have done this, we will throw the body into the well."

The *dirge* answered, that he should like to possess the money, but that he could not do as she would have him.

"Then I will do it," said the wife. "But first I will wait till the moon is down."

While this discourse passed between the *dirge* and his wife, Peeru tried his bed in the *verandah*; but the night being somewhat cold, he thought that he should sleep more comfortably within. Accordingly, he got up, and went to his nephew, and proposed that they should change beds. This was done, as he desired. And when the *dirge's* wife came down, in the dead of the night, to commit the dreadful deed which her covetous desires suggested, instead of plunging the knife into the heart of her husband's brother, she stabbed her darling and only child! And thus the Almighty God frequently con-

founds the wicked schemes of sinful men, turning their plots against themselves.

The poor young man uttered one dreadful groan, and expired! But although his voice was altered by his dying agonies, yet his mother knew it, and at once understood the dreadful mistake she had been guilty of. In the horror of her mind, she screamed aloud. Her husband, his brother, and the neighbors, came with lights to her, being called by her shrieks. What a dreadful spectacle presented itself to them! The body of the fine youth still bleeding abundantly, and his distracted mother, covered with blood, holding in her hand the knife with which she had stabbed her son! The father of the murdered boy fainted away at the sight; and Peeru, who guessed how this accident happened, and that he was the person whom the wicked woman had intended to have murdered instead of her son, caused the neighbors to carry her to the magistrate, where she suffered the punishment which the law inflicts on murderers.

The *dirge* lived not to see her end; for, shocking to tell, not being able to bear his own thoughts, the day after the murder he took poison and died.

When the Lady had finished the story, the Ayah said, "What a very wicked woman the *dirge's* wife was!"

"I tell you, Ayah," replied the Lady, "that she is not much worse than you are. You, perhaps, do not stick a knife into any person, or poison them; but this I know you would do: you would see any one starve to death, rather then spare them one *cowrie*. And this is the case with many in your country, and, I fear, in others too; for the heart of man is desperately wicked."

CHAPTER XIV.

The happy Death of the Bebee-Saheb.

During the tenth hot season after the Ayah came to live with the *Bebee-Saheb*, the *Bebee-Saheb's* health began to decline. She grew very pale, and wasted away; and although many doctors were consulted, they could do nothing for her. The *Saheb* had been married many years to the *Bebee*, and they loved each other with an entire and perfect love;

so that it was a great grief to the *Saheb* to see his beloved wife falling away. But the *Saheb* was a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, and he was happy in the sure hope of meeting her, whom he loved, in the kingdom of heaven: for those who love Christ have this promise,—"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." (Rev. vii, 16, 17.)

The *Bebee-Saheb* herself, also, was prepared to leave this world, for she felt within herself that she could not live long; and she requested the *Saheb*, when she should be no more, to send her little daughter to England, where she had a pious mother and dear sister.

One afternoon, when it was very hot, the *Bebee-Saheb* lay upon a couch in an upper room, and the Ayah stood by, keeping off the flies with a *choury*. The Ayah had been very attentive to her Lady during her illness, and sincerely grieved for her. "When I am dead," said the Lady to the Ayah, will

you go with my little girl to Europe, and take care of her at sea?"

"Ah, Ma'am," said the Ayah, "why do you talk of dying? you will get well, and live many years."

"No, Ayah," said the Lady; "I know that I cannot live long. I feel death within me, and I am willing to die; nay, I do not wish to stay here, if I could."

"Ma'am is so good," said the Ayah, "that she is sure to be happy in heaven."

"Ah, Ayah," said the Lady, "have I not often told you, that there is no one good on the face of the earth. You know the commandments of God; I have often explained them to you, and have often told you, that no person is good: "for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." (Rom. iii, 23.) I have, during my life, broken God's commandments many and many times; and as he that breaks one of the commandments of God deserves hell, so, if I were to receive the due reward of my deeds, I should certainly go to that dreadful place."

"But Ma'am has done many good things," said the Ayah: "and I have heard it said, that our good and bad actions will be weighed in a balance; and if our good actions

weigh down our bad ones, we shall go to paradise."

"If that is true," said the *Bebee-Saheb*, "we are all in a bad way; for the good deeds of the best man living are much fewer than his evil deeds, and for this reason: to be wicked is natural to us, we sin without pain or difficulty; but to do well is contrary to our nature, and even when we are striving to do well, sin mixes with our best actions. So, as I before said, if our good and bad actions are to be weighed against each other, we shall be found wanting."

"But," said the Ayah, "I have lived ten years with Ma'am, and I never remember to have seen her do a wicked thing."

"I recollect your having said this before, Ayah, answered the *Bebee-Saheb;* "and if you believe what you say, it is because you cannot look into my heart, and because the Almighty God has kept me from foul and open sins. But still I say, supposing that during the ten years which you have lived with me, I had only broken the commandments once, for that one transgression I should be condemned to death; "for he that said, Do not commit adultery, said also, Do not kill." (James ii, 11.) Now, if I have killed, though I have not committed adultery,

yet I am a transgressor of the law, and worthy of death." Then the Lady told the Ayah a story.

THE KING AND HIS THREE LAWS.

There was once in the *Decan* a certain king, who built a very fair palace, set in a walled garden, which he planted with roses and apple trees from Persia. The palace was fitted up with all manner of costly furniture for the habitation of his queen. Then the king enacted three laws, to be observed under pain of death. The first was, that no man without the king's permission should enter the garden; the second was, that no one but the queen and her household should presume to gather of the fruit of the garden; and the third, that no man should presume to speak to any of the female slaves belonging to the queen.

It happened once upon a time, that the king and his courtiers went a hunting in a certain forest not far distant from the queen's garden. But the king being suddenly taken ill, left his train to pursue their diversion, and himself, with two servants, turned in haste to the queen's palace. When they

came to the garden it was dusk, and they found the door open. The king dismounted in haste, and entered the garden, when behold, a man was standing within the door! The king immediately ordered him to be seized, and brought before him the next day. As the king proceeded, he found another man gathering and eating apples; and when he drew near the palace, he found a third person speaking to one of the female slaves, who stood in the balcony, and offering her some of the fruit of the garden which he had gathered. The king was exceeding angry, and caused these men also to be seized, and brought before him the next day.

In the morning, the king sat in the hall of justice, with all his nobles about him, when the three men were brought bound before him. The king addressed himself first to the man whom he had found under the balcony. "Wretched slave," said he, "did I not enact three laws? First, that no man should enter the king's garden; secondly, that no stranger should presume to gather of the fruit of the garden; and thirdly, that no person should presume to speak to any of the female slaves. But thou hast broken these three commandments, and thy life is

forfeited." So saying, he commanded that the man should be carried out to execution.

Then the king addressed himself to him who was found gathering the fruit. "And thou," said he, "hast broken two of my commandments; therefore is thy life forfeited. Bear him hence to pay the penalty of his crime."

Then he which had been found within the door, fell down before the king, begging for his life, attesting that he had only broken one of the king's commandments."

Then the king answered, "I have sworn, and my oath shall stand fast, that he who breaks any one of my commandments shall die. My honor and my justice are engaged; know, therefore, that thy life is forfeited by the breaking of one commandment as certainly as if thou hadst broken them all, and thou shalt die."

When the Lady had finished, the Ayah said, "Then, if God is like this great king, we must all be condemned; for what man ever lived who can say, "I have not broken one of God's commandments?"

"According to my holy book," said the *Bebee-Saheb*, "if we are to be judged by what we have done, we should all certainly go to

hell; for we know that the Almighty God will not tolerate sin."

"Then," said the Ayah, "why are you not afraid to die, Ma'am? For you look cheerful, and seem willing to depart. Are you not afraid of hell?"

"I shall explain that to you, Ayah," said the *Bebee-Saheb*. "You are a Mussulmaunee, and your religion is quite different from mine; though so far we agree, that there is but one God, and that man ought to keep God's commandments. But my religion tells me, that I am by nature so wicked, that I cannot keep the commandments, and for that reason am fit only for hell; but it tells me also, that if I will believe in the Son of God, who came down from heaven to die in my place for my sins, that my sins shall be forgiven me, and the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ shall be given me to appear in before God, as at a wedding-feast a fair garment is given to a stranger: and more than this, that the spirit of God will be sent to me while on earth, by which I shall be so changed, as to hate the sin which I once took so great delight in. It is, therefore, through the firm confidence which I have that my Savior has already suffered the punishment of my sins, and that I shall

have a robe of righteousness given me wherein to appear before God, that I am enabled not only to meet death without fear, but even with joy and delight: for I know that when Christ, who is my life, shall appear, I shall also appear with him in glory. This has been my hope for years past, and will, I trust, be the hope of my dear child when I am in the dust."

The Ayah made no answer, but she often afterwards thought of the words of the Lady, and thought how happy real Christians must be, because the Lord Jesus Christ has taken from them the fear of death, which to other people is so great a trouble.

The Lady grew more and more weak, but she was easy and happy in her mind, and spent the last days of her life in talking about the Lord Jesus Christ to every body about her, and that happy place, even the kingdom of God, to which she was going; and though she was often in pain, yet she was very gentle and patient. When she died, all the servants grieved very much; but none so much as the poor Ayah, who said she should never know so kind a Lady again.

The *Saheb* remains in the same *bungalow* which he lived in with the *Bebee-Saheb*, and

he takes care of all the poor people in the *bazar* to whom she used to give alms; and he often talks with delight of the time when he shall meet with her in heaven, and when they shall be as the angels of God.

The Ayah went home with the little *Bebee*, and took so much care of her, that the *Saheb* gave her a very handsome present when she returned, and allowed her to continue with her old woman in her pleasant house in the *compound*. Moreover, he has taken her son into his service as a *kidmutgar*.

GLOSSARY.

ALMIRAH, a Portuguese word for a clothes-press.

Ayah, a waiting-maid.

Bang, an intoxicating seed.

Bangle, a silver ornament.

Baxar, a market.

Bearer, a servant, whose work is to carry a *palanquin;* but who is frequently employed to take care of children.

Bebee-Saheb, a lady.

Begum, a queen.

Beheistie, a water-carrier.

Budgerow, an ornamented barge.

Bungalow, a house with a thatched roof.

Cast.—The natives of India are divided into various ranks, called casts: each cast has respective employments, which descend from father to son.

Chaprassee, a kind of messenger, who takes his name from wearing a badge or breastplate.

Chaudur, a web of cloth, used as a girdle by men and as a veil by women.

Chockedaur, a watchman.

Chotee-bebee, a little lady.

Choury, a fan for driving away flies: commonly made of hair or feathers.

Compound, the inclosure round a house, generally walled.

Copra, cloth.

Copra-waulla, cloth-merchant.

Coss, two miles.

Cowries, shells which pass current as money, of very small value.

Cummerbund, a girdle.

Curry, a stew made of various spices, the common food of the natives of India.

Curry-bhaut, boiled rice.

Dandies, boatmen.

Dayuh, a nurse.

Decan, South.—Applied to the Coromandel coast.

Dirge, a tailor.

Dobee, a washerman.

Dobine, a washerwoman.

Fakeer, a religious mendicant.

Feringhees, Franks. A name given generally to Europeans in India, and to the descendants of the Portuguese, who first settled in India: these are called

Black Feringhees, being remarkably dark.
Gaullee, bad language.
Gunga, the river Ganges.
Haun, ay.
Hookah, a peculiar apparatus for smoking, by which the smoke passes through water.
Jarron, a broom.
Jungle, brushwood, or very high grass.
Khauna, food.
Khaunsaumaun, a house steward,
Kidmutgar, a serving-man.
Lota, a drinking-vessel.
Maitre, a sweeper.
Matranee, a low Hindoo female, who does the most servile work.
Mindy, a red dye.
Mollee, a gardener.
Moonshee, a teacher, or learned man. A moonshee is kept in most respectable English families in India.
Musalchee, a torch-bearer and scullion.
Mussala, ingredients; generally spices.
Nautch, a dance or ball.
Padre, a Christian minister.
Palanquin, an Indian sedan or chair.
Paun, a substance chewed by the natives of India.
Pepul, a kind of tree, which, on account of the trembling of the leaves, and the rustling noise among the branches, is supposed to be the habitation of a god.
Pice, pence.
Punkah, a fan.
Purdah, a screen.
Rupee, a silver coin about the value of half a crown.
Saheb, master.
Salam, salutation.
Seer, two pounds weight.
Sirdar, chief,
Tiffin, luncheon.
Toddy, palm wine.
Tomachee, an uproar.
Tulub, wages.
Turban, a covering for the head.
Verandah, a piazza.

THE END.

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